

THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 27.

SEESCHIFTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage.)

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### Unimpeachable Testimony!

7th May, 1889.

After a thorough examination of the circulation books, Press and Mail Room Reports, and newsdealers accounts of the NEW YORK WORLD, also the receipted bills from the various paper companies which supply THE NEW YORK WORLD, as well as the indorsed checks given in payment therefor, we are convinced, and certify, that there were PRINTED AND ACTUALLY CIRCULATED during the month of March, 1889, a total of TEN MILLION SEVEN HUNDRED AND NINE THOUSAND, FIVE HUNDRED AND TWENTY (10,709, 630) COMPLETE COPIES OF "THE WORLD." 7th May, 1889.

M. A. CAMP,
Manager of the New York
Clearing-House.
O.D. BALDWIN,
Pres. of the American Loan
and Trust Company. THOS. L. JAMES, Pres. of the Lincoln National Bank.

A SIMPLE PROBLEM. 81)10,709,520(345.468 The average No. of WORLDS printed daily during the Month of March Last

345,468. Average daily Circulation during 345,808 Copies!

#### WILKIE COLLINS'S

New and Intensely Interesting Story.

ON SUNDAY NEXT THE FIRST CHAP-TERS OF

## "BLIND LOVE"

WILL APPEAR EXCLUSIVELY IN THE WORLD.

This Story Has Not Been Equalled in a Decade of English Literature. Don't Fail to Begin with the Beginning.

### STMON CAMERON.

SIMON CAMERON.

Simon Cameron, who died yesterday at his home in Pennsylvania, was a great man.

Not great in the beneficent results to the country of anything wrought by him in an extended public career, but great because of his masterful ability to attain, by the maniputation of the country of anything wrought by him in an extended public career, but great because of his masterful ability to attain, by the maniputation of the country of the country of anything wrought by him in an extended public career, but great because of his mashery. For Albert was a masher or no hing, and next to winning a heart loved to lose his own.

They were marred in the cold and bleak daught of coldness from the Lewis family, who looked so coldly on the loving pair that their teeth chattered.

The Lewis family took the stand that it lation of men, ends he desired. No more crafty political feader than he has been pro-

who deemed it high praise to be charged with wearing the CAMERON collar. To those who served him he was true as steel, and no question of expediency could induce him to turn a cold shoulder to a tried supporter. To his enemies he gave no quarter. His methods were almost brutally practical, and sentimentality had no abiding place in his com-

His power to win friends among his natural political adversaries was remarkable. With him the end always justified the means. His enemies were bitter in their batred, but instinctively admired his superb generalship. Many an ambitious politician has, after a futile effort to oppose the Cameronian edict. finding bimself crushed and humiliated crept m abject humility into the camp of the victorious cian to sue for peace and favor.

While not an exemplar of pure politics, SIMON CAMEBON yet possessed many virtues which endeared him to his associates. He was benevolent, generous and genual. Of the relation of his career to his country it may be said it is not by such as he that a nation waxes strong in morals and through its wise

one of the most idiotic performances on record. These cunning Pittsburgers have quarrelled with Gov. Braven regarding the The Little Judge Holds Out for His Share methods adopted to relieve the sufferers by the Conemaugh flood. To show their dislike for him, they have had a medal struck off bearing thereon words of approval of the nose-pulling act of Capt. Asses, which is to be presented to that officer, now undergoing punishment for his offense.

The size of men who could stoop to such a cheap and musty insult must be infinitesimal. | th Their very malignancy exalts the Governor. When Capt. Annus returns their medal as unaccepted, as he will, the debasement of this crowd of drivelling idiots will be com-

Evidence has been accumulating ever since

while 8the furious elements swept to death thousands of worthy people, the fool-killer has neglected his business,

#### ANOTHER OCEAN MYSTERY.

Again the probable fate of a steamship furnishes an ocean mystery, and the meaning of the wreckage that has been east upon the beach at Nantucket is anxiously discussed in proud ship humbled by gales, shattered by an island of see or destroyed in a collision ? Has a gallant crew found death in the ocean

The mysteries of the sea are so dense that they appall the heart. One stands at the wharves and sees the magnificent craft. stately, strong and thoroughly equipped, ride gayly off upon their long journeys, bidding defiance to wind and tide. But as the ship steams away and becomes but a dot upon the horizon its insignificance and its utter dependence upon the mercy of the mighty deep s all too apparent.

Bearing in mind the happy deliverance of the human cargo of the fated Danmark, let us hope that Nantucket's jetsam is not the precursor of the news of a tragedy upon the

THE MECCA OF BATTERED REPUTATIONS. And now comes the intelligence from Chiengo that Mrs. Canten, whom a jury has just pronounced not what a woman should be, contemplates going upon the stage. Why is it that the stage is considered the Mecca of people with battered reputations?

There appears no valid reason why Mrs. CARTER should take to the stage; indeed, on the contrary, there are several cogent reasons why she should court the shades of ob-

The best part of the theatre-going public prefer decency after all, and it should teach the theatrical managers that cheap notoriety is not the open sesame to stage success.

#### SHE'S NO LONGER MRS. LEWIS

THE DIVORCE COURT ENDS ANOTHER RO-MANTIC MARRIAGE.

Referee Leonard Langbein handed in his decision to-day in the suit of Mrs. Bertha Lewis against her husband Albert Lewis. It was in favor of the plaintiff, Mr. Laughem having satisfied himself of her grounds for

Mrs. Lewis was at one time Portha Vunever and she wishes to become so again. Without being of a particularly grasping disposition, Mrs. Lewis, with a feeling com mon to many married ladies, harbored the idea that she should have a prescriptive right to her husband.

When Mrs, Lewis was Bertha Vunever she graced the mimic world which glitters behind the footlights. She played in the "Corsair," at the Bijou, about a year and a half ago.

It was then that the fickle Albert saw her and fell precipita ely in love with her sweet face and the luxuriant golden tresses that encircled it. When she would prance around the stage in her glistening pink silk tights, Albert got more and more in love.

The spr.ghtly little Corsair maiden recipro cated when she came to know Albert and fell

The Lewis family took the stand that it was a mesalliance for their Albert. That's what they said. They said it was a mesalliance, and that the horrid thing had simply duced by the United States. For many years his sway in Pennsylvania was supreme.

In every county in his native State there are men of brains, energy and influence are men of brains.

But natures that love easily and love in a torrid way don't have good staving powers in love as a rule. They burn out quickly. That was the way with Albert. Not three

That was the way with Albert. Not three weeks of cooing had streamed their boneved course along before Bertha discovered that Albert was not above loving a pretty little chambermaid in a hotel at Orange, N. J.

Mrs. Lewis began to investigate and she found out a great deal, without being a Scotland Yard desective, either. She not on y discovered that her Albert was coquetting with the pretty bedmaker of the Orange hotel, but there was a widow, a horrid, nasty widow, whom he was loving, too—a "grass" widow, one of the deadliest kind.

In the energizing heat of her wrath Mrs. Lewis rushed to the coolness of the divorce court and demanded a sundering of those matrimonial bonds which seemed to hold her so much tighter than they did Albert.

Leonard Langbein, esq., was appointed

Leonard Langbein, esq., was appointed referce. Josie Ferguson and Widow Williams gave the whole thing away and, now that the decision is filed in favor of the plaintiff, hereafter her letters may be addressed to Miss Bertha Vunever.

#### WILL COL. SHEPARD GET IT?

The Russian Mission Awarded to Him by Many-Tongued Rumor.

The flying trip of Col. Elliot F. Shepard ! Washington and his call on President Harrison yesterday, in company with other prominent New Yorkers, again gives Dame Rumor cause to

stanceraft commands respect and admiration, but as a field marshal to rally political forces and deploy them skilfully so as to win victories he has had no superior and but few equals.

AN IDIOTIO PERFORMANCE.

The scheme of a lot of disgruntled fellows in Pitisburg to vent their spleen upon Gov.

Braves by glorifying the act of the Washington erank, Armas, in pulling the Governor's Lose because of a difference of opinion, is one of the most idiotic performances on

#### DUFFY BLOCKS THE GAME.

of That Police Court Pic. Little Judge Duffy, the independent Tammanyite of the Board of Police Justices. is de-liberately breaking the slates of his dependent

Tammany associates.

He stands as the only barrier to the consun mation of their desire, which is to runmarily bounce the County Democracy employees of the police courts and substitute in their place good and true adherents of the Wigwam.

The little Judge was recently removed from the leadership of the First District bucks and his pap-ladle taken from him.

Now he sees an opportunity to be the real-

a pap-ladic taken from him. Now he sees an opportunity to be the real dis-meer of patronage in the Board, and his de-ands are so excessive that the other Tammany justices cannot agree to them.

The failure to get Duffy in line resulted in a failure to secure a quorum at last night's meeting of the Board. President Solon B. Smith being the only member present.

the disservous flood in Pennsylvania that, no Condital. Price 25 cents. Give it a trial

It Is Growing Somewhat Slowly. but Very Surely.

maritime circles. Does it tell of the loss of a The Poor Bables Will Have Their Free Doctors in the Midsummer Weeks.

> Let Everybody Send Their Mite to the Fund and Help the Good Work.

#### THE CONTRIBUTIONS.

	THE EVENING WORLD	\$100.0
ė	L. H	2.0
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	Grateful	1.00
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Ž.	Hallie.	- 1
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	Mrs. S Uncle John"	110
	Mrs. C	. 1
	Mr. P	5.1
	Baby	. 6

A Good Collection by a Twelve-Year-Old. o the Editor of The Evening World. Inclosed please find \$3,55 that I have collected for the Sick Babies." I have some more money promised that I will send later. MAMIE L. CLARKE, aged twelve.

In Memory of a Baby Boy,

Inclosed please find \$3 for Free Physicians' Fund, in memory of a baby boy who died ast Summer New York City, Tuesday, June 25.

Given Up Smoking in the Good Cause. the Editor of The Evening World Please add inclosed \$2 to the Baby's Fund from two young men who have given up

smoking for a while to benefit the lit le ones. INVETERATE SMOKERS (A. and T.) Two Dollars from New Jersey To the Editor of The Evening World:
Having read about your Babies' Fund, I send \$2, and hope, although it is small, it

will add to help the poor little ones in the tenement-houses. L. H. A Dollar from Grateful.

Babies Fund-\$1 inclosed is the mite of

GRATEFUL. A Little Girl's Contribution. Inclosed please find \$1 for Babies' Fund.

LITTLE FLORENCE H. From a Little Boy in the Country.

Inclosed please find 25 cents in stamps, as want the babies to be well this Summer. I live in the country, but I used to live in Brooklyn. I like the country best, as I can run around more. I am only a little boy seven years old. JOHN C. NORBURY.

#### MACONES SURVIVED 30 HOURS.

Portchester, N. Y.

The Broken Necked Boy's Death Ends that Remarkable Case at St. Vincent's. Patrick Macones, the boy who was living with

a broken neck at St. Vincents' Hospital yesterday, as told in yesterday's Eventso World, is

Every effort was made to prolong his life in

Every effort was made to prolong his life in view of the advantage to medical science which such an existence would prove. But although Macones remained conscious up to the last, and spoke intelligently to those around him he expired at 7.30 last evening, thirty hours after the accident.

What makes his death come as a greater surprise is that, having survived for thirty hours after breaking his neck, he breathed easily and was able to take nourishment. He is probably to be congratmated on dying, as to live with the head as the only vital, sensitive part of a practically dead body would be a questionable benefit.

### Overworked.

"You look weawy and tiabd, Cholly." "Yans, my deah boy: I overwahked myself

this mainin."
"Overworked yourself, Cholly?"
"Yaas, my deah te.lah: I tied my
quavat this mahnin."

Mr. Younghusband-Lucille, the papers say Mrs. Younghusband—Yes, Octavius; but when the bustle goes the women will go with

A Tax on Luxury.

(From Munsey's Weekly, )
She-What do you think of Henry George's single tax idea ? He-Perhaps be is right. Bachelors really ought to pay for the privilege of remaining

#### "Two Form"

"Did you get that box of cigars I sent ou?" inquired his fiancee.

"Yes, dear."
"And how did you like them?"
"The box was very nice, indeed," he said, roftly.

### Two Reasons.

Friend-What's this I hear, Russ about our moving to New York? The Crown Prince—Well, the climate of Montana does not agree with my lungs; and -and-they've had an election out there.

#### A Pointer for Sports.

First Gamin-Say, I'll bet a nickle I've got more money in my pockets than you have.
Second Gamin—Go yer once.
After money is put up:
First Gamin—How much money have you got in my pocket?

### Vigor and Vitality

Are quickly given to every part of the body by Hood's Sarsaparills. That tired feeling is entirely overcome. The blood is purified, enriched and vitalized, and car ries lies in instead of disease to every organ. The stomach is toned and strengtheued, the appetite re-stored. The kidneys and liver are reused and invigorated. The brain is refreshed, the nerres strengt ed. The whole system is built up by

#### Hood's Sarsaparilla

all druggists. \$1 air for \$5. Prepared only HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lovelt, Mass. 100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

More Complaints About the Huckleberry Railroad.

tions at the Depots.

Left the City in a Body.

The managers of the "Huck'eberry" surface line, which runs from Harlem Bridge to Fordham, are in a state of mind over the disclosures made by THE EVENING WORLD in regard to the negligent manner in which they pperate their road.

The residents of the annexed district on the other side, are becoming more and more indignant every day, now that they have come to a realizing sense of their rights, and they are going to make things very warm for the 'Huckleberry " people if they don't brace up and do something to give them better accommodations.

'The Rai road Company has done nothing as

yet to improve the facilities of its line, and the cars above One Hundred and Seventieth street are runding as usual at irregular intervals and with frequent de ays, especially in the An effort was made yesterday to find some of the officials of the Company, but they were

all out of town.

Even Supt. Carrigan was away and had left everything in charge of one of his subordi-President Spradley went away two days ago and nobody knows when he is coming back.

They all seem to have taken to the woods
for the time, and the general impression
around Tremont, West Farms and Fordham

is that they want to keep out of the way till the cyclone of public indignation which has been aroused against them shall have blown Yesterday afternoon the wooden plank on

Yesterday afternoon the wooden plank on its two uprights, propped up a ainst the side of the bad-smelling stables, which is the only accommodation furnished to the patrons of the line while waiting for the Fordham car, was crowded with waiting passengers from end to end.

About a dozen others were standing around in the dusty road, or had made seats of their market baske s. They made a rush for every car that came along, but each time they were told that the Fordham car was coming somewhere along back, and they had to be content ed with the answer.

coming somewhere along back, and they had to be contented with the answer.

They had all read THE EVENING WORLD, and the exposure of the "Huckleberry" methods was the chief topic of conversation. "It's an outrage," said one indignant and perspiring citizen, "that we can't have better accommodations. Right in the city of New York, too.

"Only think of it! None of the people who live out this way can get downtown with

New York, too.

'On y think of it! None of the people who live out this way can get downtown without paying 15 cents to the Grand Central Depot bes des E evated Railroad fare, unless they take this miserable line.

'If a man patronizes this line he can't calculate within an honr when he is going to get downtown, and when he is once there heaven only knows long it is going to take him to get home again.

Every car that came up to the stables brought a Tremont or Fordham contingent, and when at last after nearly twenty-five minutes wait the through car came along the crowd was packed into it like sardnes in a box, and the poor old horses had to strain and tug with all the trength in their feeble legs for several minutes before they could start he heavily loaded car.

The tracks of the line are laid upon parallel sleepers sunk in the dirt road, and at no place along the route above One Hundred and Seventieth street is the road paved between the tracks. The pathway is worn down in o two deep ruts, filled with fine dust in dry weather and slimy mud in wet, through which the horses scramble along as best they can.

"We have tried to keep the track in good."

"We have tried to keep the track in good condition," said one of the employees of the Company, who was found at the stable, "bu company, who was found at the stable, "but it's no use. There is no paying on the road and the big trucks that come along spread the tracks and keep them continually in a bad state. I guess the Company is waiting till the Suburban puts its line through and widens the upp rend of Third avenue before it does anything."

"There is some talk." said one of the pass.

There is some talk " said one of the pass

engers on the car which the re orter took engers on the car which the re orter took, of running a cable road up this way, but I don't believe there is anything in it. The "Huckleberry" Company has got its grip on the franchise, and so long as it can compet the public to submit to the wretched accomodations it sees fit to furnish, it will be difficult to shake it off. I don't believe it will ever do to stake it off. I don't believe it will ever do anything to improve matters unless it is compelled by the authorities to make a change.

"It would be a blessing if some decent company could get hold of the property. Some years are the Third Avenue Company tried to get control of the road, but the Spradleys, who own it, would not sell out and the scheme fell through. I am sure if the project had been successful we would have had decent accommodations to-day, and property in this neighborhood would be

property in this neighborhood would be worth double what it is now."

Here is a specimen of the wails which are sent daily to The Evening World:

sent daily to The Evening World:

To the Feditor of the Frening World:
Don't let up on the "Huckleberry" until they
give us better accommodations. "The public
be—: says the Fresident of the Huckleberry; "they will ride any how. Who owns
the "Huckleberry? Mrz. Whitney, now Mrs.
Spradley, five-eighthe: Bill Cauldwell, twoeighths; H. B. Kirk, one-eighth. Why don't
somebody buy them out and make a decent road
of it? Where is Jay Gould? For heaven's sake
come to our rescue. Extend the Suburban Railroad, and let the scab road drop into the sewer
A Workingman, a Resident and a Taxpayer.
Tremont, June 25.

Read this: Read this:

Read this:

The bedier of the Econing World:

The "Huckleberry" Railroad Company is an eyesore to the rusidents of the Twenty-fourth Ward. The cars are rotten and filthy, and there are no accommodations for passengers at either end of the road. The waiting-room at Harlem Bridge is a loading place for drunken bums. There is no centilation, and the air is sickening with the foul smell of bad rum and tobacco.

For shame's sake the starter had the windows cleased last Sunday morning and the room washed out with a stump of a broom.

The waiting-room at the depot at One Hundred and Seventieth street is dirty and the walls covered with writings and pencil drawings. You would have a better place for your dog. What is wanted is cleanliness, more cars running to Fordham, a strict time spotter and a sprinkler for their track. When you come down from Fordham to Harlem Bridge you look as if you had come down in an ash-cart.

Another Victim.

### THE PRIZE JOKER'S RECEIPT.

Received from THE EVENING WORLD \$20, in payment of illustrated joke prize.

H. EMERY GURNEY.

Coming Events. Jacob Henkell Mutual Aid Society's afternoo and evening picnic, Benner's Ridgewood Grove June 29.

Jolly Comrades' Association, annual picnic, Empire City Colosseum, July 3. Arnstein & Bonn's employees' first annual ex-cursion. Palisade Park. June 3. County Donegal Association, annual picnic, Euler's Washington Park, June 27. Music in Battery Park, Bayne's Sixty-ninth Regiment Band, June 28. Music in East River Park, Conterno's Ninth Regiment Band, June 27, 4 clock p. M. Closing exercises of Grammar School No. 88. Theatre Comique. Harlem, June 27, 4.30

Claremont Club's annual picnic, Cosmopolitan Park, July 3. Park, July 3.
United German Odd-Fellows' Orohan Asylum Association picnic and Summernight's festival, Bidgewood Park, July 14 and 15.

# THE BABIES' FUND. ANGRY UPTOWNERS. ANGLERS' YARNS. TENNIS AND OUTING SH

Tales of Startling Adventures with the Finny Tribe.

Long Waits and No Accommoda- Some Are " Too Strange Not to

The Company's Officers Scem to Have Piscatorial Hunters Striving for the Gold Double Eagle.

#### CONDITIONS OF THE TOURNEY.

THE EVENING WORLD has opened a Fish Story intest as a novel, timety and interesting feature The usual prize, a gold double eagle, will be given for the best fish story submitted. Fish-Commissioner Eugene G. Blackford, one of the leading Rabermen in the country, will act as judge.

The piscatorial yerns may be as short as the authors desire, but should not exceed 200 toords in length. The most interesting of the contributions will be published. All competitor should address, Fish Story Contest, THE EVEN-INO WORLD, New York City, This is a great opportunity for the story-telling disciples Isaak Watton.

#### Hoodoord by a Five of Clubs.

To the Editor of The Exening World Last Saturday a friend of mine went on a fishing expedition from New Rochelle. While waiting for his train at the Grand Central Depot he noticed a pack of cards on the track, and as his eye caught the five of clubs he picked it up and put it in his pocket. At 2 o'clock, accompanied by another disciple of the lamented Ike Walton, they launched their bark on the rippling bosom of the their bark on the rippling bosom of the Sound, breathing destruction to its fluny denizens. At 3 o'clock my triend had landed five speckled beauties, his companion eleven. At 4 he counted the original five, his comrade seveneen. At 5 o'clock he still had five, while the other tautaized him by pulling in his twenty-seventh prize.

In disgust he threw down his rod, and told the boatman to pull for home. On reaching terra firm he awakened to the dual fact that in his ba-ket were five fishes, in his inside pocket the cabalistic five of clubs.

J. III.

### There's Proof for This Yars

To the Editor of The Evening World I started out for a load of oysters in a sailboat one day and sailed down the little river about three miles, which brought me into Tackerton Bay. I saw a queer mass of something in the water ahead, and was puzzled at the bait and threw well out. At once I feit a first to tell what it was. I had not long to wait, for all at once my boat was stuck as if wait, for all at once my boat was stuck as if on the mud. It was not mud, but a great school of fish, and the only thing I had to get some of the fish with was a pair of oyster tongs. So I set to work with the oyster-tongs. I loaded my boat with fish, and had a hard time getting my boat out of the school of fish and into the river.

When once clear I sailed up to the landing and unloaded, and went back to get another load and at the same time I tald the recovery.

and unloaded, and went back to get another load, and at the same time! told the people how I caught those fish. Nearly eve y boat around the creek was taken down to the bay and loaded with fish, and the best thing we found to catch the fish with was a scoop-net.

Cait. T. A. Seaman, 1 and 3 Beaver street.
P. B.—I can prove this by nearly all of the men in West Creek, Ocean County, N. J., among them R. A. Wood, Joseph Pharo, George Shinn, Theodore Kelly, Alexis Kelly and George A. Seaman.

#### Their Eel Up a Cherry Tree.

I was out fishing with my prother not long ago and caught a gigantic cel, which was the prize fish of the day. I had no end of trouble in land ng him, and when I got home he was still alive. I laid him on the table. He measured just nine inches in circumference and was five feet long, unusually slimy and very lively. When I commenced skinning him he curied up, twisted himself around my neck and clung like a leech. My brother pulled him off, but I still bear the mark on my neck, which is of a very decided greenish color. Then my brother held him and I tried to skin him again. He still protested, and, slipping through our hands, he darted like a snake out of the open door. Reaching the garden, he slipped up a cherry tree. Then we thought we had him. But he was nowhere to be found, and is still missing. He measured just nine inches in circumfermissing. New York, June 21.

#### Caught by the Tall.

To the Editor of The Evening World: When a boy of fourteen I lived down South upon a large plantation containing an excellent mill-pond abounding with the various fish peculiar to Southern waters. One Summer's day at nooutime I walked up the mill. dam to the sluice gates and on the way espied a large trout bedding near the edge in about five feet of water. For the next fifteen min-

utes I did my utmost to induce that fish to big, but without avail. bi.e. but without avail.

My time was limited, and having no better inducements to offer her troutamp. I took the bait off, gently eased the hook into the water bait off, gently eased the hook into the water and, managing to place it just back of the fish's head, gave a slight pull to see if the harb was in position. The trout made a bolt. I made a snatch which almost jerked me heels over head down the dam, and on raising my rod from the ground I saw, to my great surprise, the rout dangling from the line by the tail. The hook had entered the fish just where the tail-fin joined the lody.

S. HEYDERMAN,

255 East Fourth street.

Sounds Familiar.

To the Editor of The Ecening World: My wife and myself set out one day on a fishing excursion to the fishing banks, and while fishing and through the effects of the salt water, my wife's wedding-ring supped off her finger. Everybody on board felt sorry. Nevertheless, two weeks after we undertook the same trip, when, to every-body's surprise, I caught a four-pound sea bass, and while in the act of cleaning the same my knife came in contact with a hard substance. On cutting the fish open I re-covered the identical ring she lost two weeks

# previous. Yours respectfully, J. Van Gelderen, 215 East One Hundred and Tenth street.

A Novel Way of Fishing. In the Editor of The Evening World:

Last Winter I went out on Moosehead Lake to get a few trout. I cut a large hole in the ice, let down my book, and in no time landed a three-pounder. As fast as I dropped my line a fish would grab it, and I as quickly landed it. Soon I found that they would jump at my hook almost refore it had reached the water; so, getting tired of lowering and pulling out my line. I held the hook about six inches as ove the surface of the water, and as the trout jumped for it I hit them on the side with my other hand, knocking them on the ice. In less than an hour I had landed in this way over one hundred of the pretitest "speckled beauties" you ever saw. G. P.

#### All Because He Spat on His Bait. To the Editor of The Evening World :

In the southern portion of the town Wrenthern, Norfolk County, Mass., is a somewhat large pend called "Merrimsshee." and during the Summer of 1887 I went there to catch a few perch. Standing on the bridge of the road, rhich is a causeway built doesn't cost much.

# AT AN ATTRACTIVE REDUCTION. POSITIVELY GREAT VALUE GIVEN.

French Flannel Shirts, \$1.37 all shades and patterns, worth \$1.65 to \$2.25 ... \$1.69

Finer Grade Shirts, Hand-) \$2.00

some styles, worth \$2.50. Silk and Wool \$2.40 Striped Shirts, \$2,75 worth \$3,25 ...

All - Silk Shirts, \$3.25. Handsomest imported goods, worth \$4.50 and

\$3.75 85.00..... TENNIS SASHES

TENNIS GORDAN SASH, 

Silk and wool ...... 89c.

#### All made to buckle at back. TENNIS BELTS.

All Silk, 1% inch, 25c.; 2 inch, 50c.;

383 Broadway, PEUGENE P. 123 Fulton St., WHITE ST. Between Name and Will-

\$3.50.

the bait and threw well out. At once I feit a nibble. The pole bent, and with a quick jerk I threw a lively shiner into the middle of the road. The fish disengaged himself at once. Spitting on the bait I again threw, and for four blessed hours I pulled fish from that pond with the one earth worm just as tast as I coul pull out and throw in, except that I always spat on the bait before throwing. To this fact I ascribe my success, for when I went home I carried 218 perch, 214 shiners and 116 flat fish. A pretty good catch.

William Allen Cole.

Jersey City, June 25.

through the pond, I baited my book, spat on

Jersey City, June 25.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A year or two since Mewers. Smith and Brown went to Prince's Bay in search of the gamy weakfish. After fishing for a couple of hours with indifferent success Mr. Smith's lind received a tug from a good-sized fish, and, much to his disgu-t, jerked his fine split bamban with new rubber reel overboard. Upon Mr. Brown promising not to tell the boys on the Exchange of the mishap, Smith agreed to pay the cost of the next trip to save his, feputation as an angler. When the next trip came off Brown landed, after a strugg e, s'larce weakfish, and was surprised to find a second hook in the fish's mouth, with leader and line attached. After pulling in about one hundred yards of line he was surprised to find the iden ical rod and reel lost by Mr. Smith a week or ten days previously. Brown went to Prince's Bay in search of the Smith a week or ten days previously.
C. Edward Brown, 321 Canal street.

Found a Lest Rod and Reel.

# THE SPIDER BIT HIS HAND.

AWYER COHEN HAS A DISAGREEABLE EXPERIENCE WITH THE INSECT.

Mr. William N. Cohen, of the firm of Hoadly, Lauterbach & Johnson, lawyers, at the Equita-ble Building, is suffering from an unusual accident. Some ten days ago he was foraging

cident. Some ten days ago he was foraging around for something in a dark recess, when a large, hungry spider. finding his lair disturbed, darted forward, fastened on Mr. Cohen's right hand, and took a sample of his flesh off to its little spiders, to see how they would like raw spider.

In chewing out the piece of flesh the spider imparted a certain amount of his virus to Mr. Cohen's system. This was not through generosity altogether. The result was a very swollen hand and a great deal of pain.

Whether the little spiders onloyed the section of Mr. Cohen's flesh which their parent gave them for luncheon has not been ascertained, but Mr. Cohen regards spider marketing as a species of vivisection that is horrible in the Nineteenth Century

Mr. Cohen regards spider marketing as a species of vivisection that is horrible in the Nineteenth Century

He bound up his injured right hand and wore it in a sling for a week. Now the pain and swelling have mitigated somewhat, and the hand, neatly bandaged, is cowered by a modest slate-colored lisle-thread glove, which is the admiration of Mr. Cohen's lady triends.

Mr. Cohen refused to talk about the matter at any length, and positively declined to live the more interesting details in the case, such as how it felt when the spider drove his front teeth into his cuticle and whether being bitten by a spider is worse than for an absent-minded bee to gnaw on you.

He even refused to give Spider's address, and affected to make light of the assault. It is thought that a compromise has been effected, and the case will not be brought into court.

He is becoming quite an expert with his left hand, and all the minor manual functions can be accomplished fairly well with it. Still, he hopes in a few days to shed his glove and recover the use of the wounded member.

Mr. Cohen's general health is all that could be desired, and the crisis of the bite is safely passed.

A Problem for the Divorce Courts.



Algy-Aw, 1 wonder why so many married actresses take the title of 'Miss."
Cholly-Mebbe it's because they're unmarried so often.

#### Easily Profitable.

Miss Segreen-1 don't see how the ocean steamers can afford to transport people such a long distance, and board them, too, at such price. Pegreen (who has been across)—Board

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\$2.89.

The best \$4.00 All-Wool Grade,

Hat given away free with Blazer.

White Flannel Tennis Pants, heavy, \$2.95.

Best quality, extra heavy, **\$4.95.** 

Large variety of Tennis Coats and Pants. BATHING SUITS,

All-wool, extra heavy 2-piece Bathing

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10 Per Cent. Discount. The great public interest in our Special Sale of Furniture has decided us to give our patrons one more week of the cash 10 per cent. discount. This interest proves bevond a doubt that the public has more confidence in a moderate discount honestly advertised than in all the glittering impossibilities with which too many newspaper advertisements abound. We have a stock of Furniture unexcelled in this city-or out of it. Styles original and artistic, assortments complete; prices firmly fixed on a close dry goods basis. Yet for this week only we deduct an extra cash discount of 10 per cent. on everything in this department, with one single exception. That excer tion is our famous No. 400 Bedroom Suit-solid ash, rich antique finish-which we continue to sell at \$15.00 NET for a suit of three

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Children's Parasols, 18c. & 25c. Lord & Taylor,
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The Latest from the Diamond. "Well, said Wright Field, as he took his overcoat to the pawnbroker, " here goes for three balls and a bat !"

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